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HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., FEBRUARY 21, 1877.

...Old Series, Vol. 66.

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AFTER MANY YEARS.

The Cause of the Mountain Meadow Massacre—A Terrible Revenge.

The story of the Mountain Meadow massacre is now more fully understood than ever before. In the spring of 1856 Elder Perley P. Pratt, of the Mormon community, seduced from her home the wife of H. H. McLean, a merchant, of San Francisco, to make her his seventh wife. On her flight she deserted him with two children, a very interesting boy and girl, to his father-in-law in New Orleans. Some time afterward the mother left Salt Lake, got the children and started back to Utah with them. On discovering this the doubly injured father started in pursuit. He came to New York, heard of Pratt there and traced him from this point to St. Louis. There he lost him. Then he left for New Orleans where he heard that his wife and children were then going through Texas to Salt Lake, so off started to Texas. In his search for the missing ones he had learned that his wife had assumed the name of Mrs. P. P. Parker, and while travelling through Texas he contrived to intercept some letters which he found bearing this superscription. On breaking open the seal he saw they were written in cipher. He succeeded in finding the key to the cipher, however, and discovered that the letters were from Pratt and contained a request that the company with which Mrs. McLean and her children were traveling should go to the neighborhood of Fort Gibson, in the Cherokee nation. Confused and dispirited, Mr. McLean returned to New Orleans, whence he started for Fort Gibson, assuming the name of Johnson. He made known his secret to the officers of the fort only. Here his vigilant and energetic pursuit of the fugitive was rewarded! He captured, not only his wife and children, but the scoundrel who bore the name of religion had enticed them from their home. The United States marshal took them before Commissioner John B. Ogden for trial. The case awoke intense excitement at the time, and the populace clamored for vengeance on the wretch who had deliberately plotted and planned the ruin of a prosperous and happy family.

The right letters were produced in court, and Mr. McLean told such a pathetic story of his wrongs that Pratt only escaped lynching by being concealed in the jail. Even the complainant himself became so enraged at one time during the trial that in the very court to which he had come for justice he clutched his pistol to shoot Pratt then and there. And no wonder, for he was told the law was powerless to punish Pratt. Early next morning the Mormon elder was dismissed and left the place secretly, but McLean watched and pursued him, overtaking him on his road and killed him in his tracks. With his children McLean returned to New Orleans, and the wife, having meanwhile become a raving maniac, was sent to an insane asylum.

With the impudence of brigands the "Latter Day Saints" demanded a ransom for their release. Mr. Rogers refused the demand and gathered the children together. To his amazement one of the children, then about eighty years old, told him one day that it was not Indians, but white men, that killed their parents. With a company of cavalry he went to the Mountain Meadows, where a horrible sight met his gaze. The skeletons of 120 men, women and children were spread upon the field, the flesh torn from the bones by hungry wolves and bullet holes through the heads of most of the victims. A large quantity of hair from the heads of the women were gathered up from the same bushes, and all the remains were given a Christian burial. A few days afterward two Mormons called on Mr. Rogers, and telling him "hearts were pressed with grief," said they would give a true history of the Mountain Meadow massacre if he would spare their own lives. He told them to proceed, and they related to him the story told above, naming Lee as the leader. Some bloodied stock, wagons, carriages and other property owned by the immigrants, they said, had been taken to the Mormon tithing establishment and sold at public auction for the benefit of the "Church." Brigham Young, it is said, kept one of the carriages and a piano for his own use.

In the Mormon version of the story of the massacre it was made to appear that the immigrants provoked both the Mormon settlers and the Indians in their progress through Utah. The Mormons said their destruction was chargeable to the Indians altogether, and that they were attacked because they had poisoned spring at which cattle drank and died, and that Indians ate the flesh of these animals and died also. But this has been proposed absolutely untrue by those who have investigated the matter, and it was well established both before and at the time of Lee's trial that the murder of the unsuspecting immigrants was but the execution of a well laid plan ordered by the Mormon council, and that Lee not only executed but exceeded his sanguinary orders. With his own hand he killed and wounded woman and children lying helpless after the first volley. He shot a man down who held a child in his arms and who knew and recognized him through his disguise.

Then, at the head of his command, he approached the immigrant camp, most of the mock Indians having meanwhile discarded paint and feathers. As he advanced he went out a flag of truce, to the great joy of the immigrants, who dressed a pretty girl of their party all in white, and placed her outside of their defenses, to show that they, too, were disposed to be friendly. Then followed a parley, and Lee told the immigrants the hills were alive with Indians. He advised them to leave their arms as a measure of safety, as the Indians wanted plunder and blood, and his men would protect them back to the Mormon settlements. The immigrants at first obeyed, but finally consented, and marched out of their fortifications without the least apprehension of danger from their professed friends. So it ended

in sight at this time. By Lee's order the men were separated from the women and children, the latter going to the front. Half a mile the devoted band had started, when Lee's command, they were shot dead, everyone except the seventeen little children of the party, whose lives the "Council" had ordered should be spared. One hundred and twenty men, women and children were slain in cold blood. Before the women of the party had all been killed, one young girl is reported to have rushed from the crowd toward Lee. She first threw herself on her knees before him and begged him to let her live. She then rose up, twining her arms about his neck, cried to him to spare her; that she was going to California to join her lover, who anxiously awaited her there, and to whom she was to be married on her arrival. He repaid her confidence by dragging her aside with vile intent, and because she resisted him and tried to defend herself with a knife she chance to have in her possession he shot her through the heart.

## BOOK OF PROVERBS.

In all the literature of heathen antiquity there is no collection of maxims for the wise conduct of life that will for a moment compare in excellence with this that bears the name of Solomon. I have before me a modern collection of proverbs numbering more than twelve thousand, and through them all runs a vein of sarcasm, a constant and cruel hitting at the weak points of human nature, a keen and cultivated sagacity looking for the main chance. In this collection—four times as large as Solomon's—I find abundance of material to make men selfish and cunning and skeptical. We may go back to the old inspired Book of Proverbs to find the best lessons to teach men purity, and justice, and generosity towards each other; reverence, and faith, and love toward God.

The sacred book is adapted to all times and to all persons. It is especially fitted to teach the lesson of calmness and moderation and self control in these times of haste and excitement and wild expectation. It is just the book to teach the young how to make the most and best of life while they live, and how to be always ready for a higher and better life to come. The young man who makes the Proverbs his companion and counsellor cannot fail to bear himself nobly in any position, and to give a good account of his work, when it is done.

The grief that consumes the heart of the defeated and dismoured will never come on him. Whatever the position which he holds in the world, he will make it honorable by the nobleness and fidelity with which he fulfills its duties. The trials, burdens, and temptations of the world, will only give beauty and strength to the character which is built up by a diligent study of this book, and by daily obedience to its sacred maxims. Let the young take their early lessons of truth and purity, of temperance and industry, of patience and kindness, of faith and piety from this invaluable guide, and the best that the world has to give shall be theirs, and when they pass away from the world their names shall be held in everlasting remembrance.—Dr. March in *Presbyterian at Work*.

GOV. TILDEN ON HORSEBACK.

I had started on again, in a sort of brown study, when a solitary horseman turned the corner right in front of me. I looked up, and behold there was the very identical man. I had a chance to observe our ex-Governor's face before he passed, and a calmer or pleasanter face I have not seen in a long time. Not a shadow of anxiety there, not a line indicating uneasiness or concern about the momentous proceedings in Washington. He was out for his regular afternoon's ride, and so far as any observer could judge, he had left all the cares and excitement behind. I have seen Gov. Tilden a number of times in the past few years, but I never saw him look as well as he did yesterday, sitting as straight and firm in the saddle as an old equestrian, and seeming as fresh and buoyant as a man of forty. I am told that he does not worry himself at all about the pros and cons of White house possibilities, and that he needs but little of what is published daily on that subject. He knows exactly what the situation is, and he does not want to have his habitual composure ruffled by keeping the ran of this, that, and the other new statement disclosure, so called. At all events, he won't allow anything in that line to distract him from his regular two hours in the saddle, and he keeps the matter as far from him in his comfortable home, facing Gramercy Park as the circumstance will allow. If Congress and the electoral tribunal decide on the great question against him, I much doubt if Gov. Tilden will lose one hundred and hundreds who were once alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error.—*Alexander's Messenger*.

HAVE YOU ENEMIES?

Have you enemies? Go straight, on and mind them not. If they block up your path, walk around them, and do your duty regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything; he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked, that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character, one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks—is always sure to have enemies. They are necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character who was surrounded with enemies, used to remark: "They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves." Let this be your feeling while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk; there will be a reaction if you perform your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error.—*Alexander's Messenger*.

## PAYMENT IN NIGGERS.

Some time since a distinguished citizen of North Carolina was in New York, and, in conversation with a somewhat pompous bank officer, the latter asked him if North Carolina would pay her old State debt. "Yes," was the reply, "she is able to pay it and she is going to do it." "What?" said the banker, "will she pay the whole debt, old and new, at par?" "Yes," replied the North Carolinian. "How?" asked the bank officer. "She will pay it," was the reply, "in negroes valued at one thousand dollars each." "Ah, but we have freed your negroes," was the response of the banker. "But retorted the North Carolinian, "we have got your money for our bonds." Some people think this is the only way in which our State debt will be paid.—*Raleigh (N. C.) Observer*.

"Do you reside in this town?" asked a masked man of a masked lad at a mail-post office recently. "He felt sick when she said to him in a low voice: "Don't be a fool John; I know you by that wart on your thumb." It was his wife.

"Sing Sing" shouted the broken-nose Hudson River train slowed up to that station. "Five years for refreshments!" yelled a passenger with short hair and bracelets, as he rose to leave the car in charge of a deputy sheriff.

A young woman in Rochester, N. Y., has sued for damages a man who kissed her. A man who can't kiss a woman without damaging her ought to pay for his awkwardness.

The veil which covers the face of fortune is worn by the hand of men.

## FASHION NOTES.

Square veils are revived. Pinch bonnets are in demand. Square neckties are sought for. Chenille lace is a charming novelty. Hair dresses are made in the princess style.

lace is no longer used for bonnet trimmings.

Chenille and plush are in high favor for trimming.

The Hessian paloit is the newest outer door garment.

Flower rings are the rage of the passing moment.

Bonnets are worn almost to the exclusion of hats Paris.

White cashmere is still the favorite material for morning robes.

Flower garnitures are much worn on evening dresses this winter.

Artistic dress holders came in fashion among the New Year's knickknacks.

Necklaces of white or cream China and edged with fine lace are much worn.

Buttons are now placed on the bottom of corsets to which the underskirt is attached.

Beautiful ribbons of plush, with satin lining, are among the latest imported novelties.

Necklaces in real lace, with pendants of various styles, have taken the place of lace collars.

Historic toilets copied from paintings of many centuries ago obtain high favor among the Parisians.

Tight fitting sacks of otter or seal are coming into vogue, worn over long clinging pomanders.

Rich India shawls are again in vogue. They are worn over long polonaises by Parisian women for full dress.

Amourees in a great variety of shades, and elaborately trimmed and ornamented, are in great favor.

The Russian paloit is so much like a gentleman's coat it will recommend itself to ladies who affect masculine styles.

Bonnets of marine blue velvet, trimmed with deep red, are seen in some of our leading milliners' show-rooms.





